JOURNALISM JOINS UP, BY CEDRIC LARSON

The Saturday Review of Literature

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By Agnes M. Bondurant
By Branch Cabell

"ALL THE TRUMPETS SOUNDED"
By W. G. Hardy
Reviewed by Richard Plant

"ATTACK"
By F. O. Miksche
Reviewed by Roger Shaw

"THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY"
By William B. Ziff
Reviewed by Col. Harold E. Hartney

"JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS, 1941"
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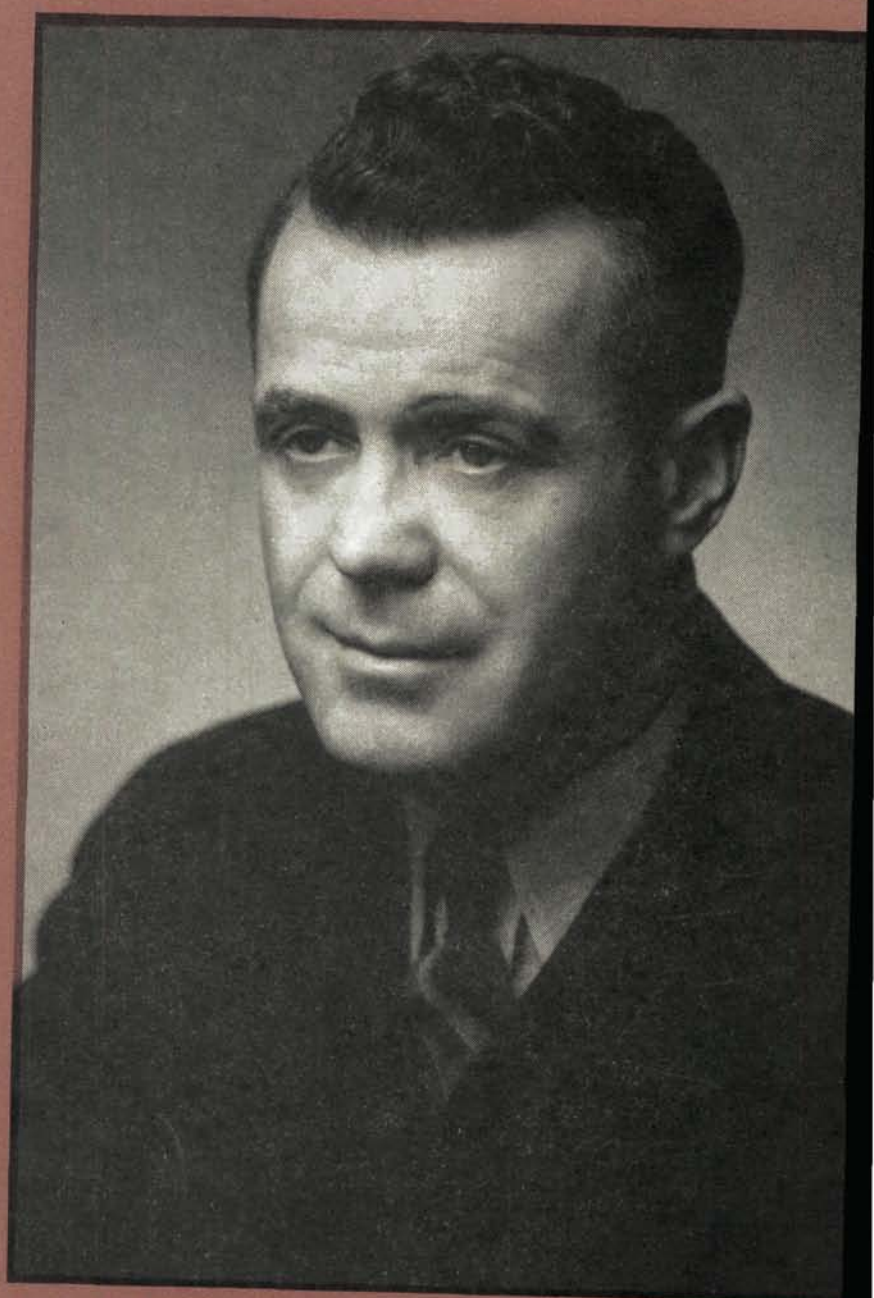

W. G. HARDY's "All the Trumpets Sounded" is one of the "few stories dealing with Biblical themes that has overcome successfully almost all the difficulties inherent in its kind." . . . *(See page 6)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Journalism Joins Up

The Army Newspapers Have Their Role in Total War

CEDRIC LARSON

WHILE the arid meadows and cow pastures of yesterday are transformed into camp sites bristling with tent cities and rows of endless barracks under the impetus of total war, "soldier journalism" has sprung from a dormant repose of almost twenty years to a life of incredible activity and importance. The camp paper is now as much an accepted part of military life in our citizen-army as bayonet exercises, close-order drill, or learning to assemble a machine-gun.

What the house organ is to the great corporation, or the weekly paper to the old home town, or the tabloid to a metropolis, the camp newspaper is to the American training camp. But it is more than this. It is the one means of journalistic and literary expression for the individual soldier. It fuses a sense of unity into the soul of the regiment or camp, and brings to a focus all social values which inhere in military life.

Like dive-bombing, the army newspaper is a distinctly American contribution to the art of warfare. It is the weapon in the psychologic armory of war stamped "Made in the U.S.A." Although other armies have tried this plan of adapting journalism as a spur to morale in the services, in no other country has it achieved anywhere near the success and high form of development it has gained in American "outfits" of all sizes and types.

Ever since passage of the Selective Service Act of 1940, with the consequent filling up of training camps with millions of citizen soldiers, the camp newspaper has gradually metamorphosed from a languishing institution of the 'twenties and 'thirties to such robust proportions that in June, 1942 there were about 400 service papers in the nation, published by and for soldiers. And this is only natural, for the yen to burst into a rash of print is as characteristically American as a hamburger.

Veterans of the A.E.F. of the first World War experienced nostalgic pangs not unmixed with pride when they read in the papers on April 13, 1942, that the *Stars and Stripes* was to be revived by the A.E.F. of today stationed in the British Isles.

THE original *Stars and Stripes,* published weekly at Paris for seventy-one weeks, from February 8, 1918 until June 13, 1919, was the most famous of all American army newspapers. In the winter of 1918, there was much debate whether or not such a venture should be risked without a precedent, and, in the vigorous language of the supporters of the idea, the retort was that, "given a public of American soldiers, a lively, slightly irreverent, plain-spoken newspaper which was not choked up with deadly official utterances could be established in France, and, by all that was holy, should be." The circulation of the *S. & S.* skyrocketed phenomenally during its comparatively brief span. About 25,000 copies of the first issue were run off, but this figure quickly went to 100,000, and by February, 1919 reached an impressive crest of 550,000 —a mark that has never been equalled before or since by any army newspaper anywhere.

The first copy of its lineal descendant was issued in London, on April 17, 1942, an eight-page tabloid, with a page-and-a-half devoted to sports. It is officially called the weekly newspaper of the U. S. Armed Forces in the British Isles and sells for 3 pence. It carries some syndicated material, some news reports supplied by the American press services maintaining bureaus in London, but most of the paper is written by members of the A.E.F. in Britain. The first two copies of this paper were mailed to President Roosevelt and his Secretary, Stephen Early, of the old *Stars and Stripes.*

If the newly-launched *Stars and Stripes* measures up to its namesake of the first World War, it will have to

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■ WHEN Pvt. Joe Anybody joins the army he keeps one civilian trait—he still likes to see his name in print.

Four hundred army newspapers—ranging from typewritten handbills to ambitious journals—are keeping Private Anybody and his 2,000,000 comrades posted on the goings-on in their military "home towns."

Putting out a camp newspaper is a job to make a civilian publisher go quietly mad. The ordinary problems of publishing are multiplied many fold. The *Fort Meade Post* is a typical camp paper, under the supervision of Major Francis E. Lutz.

Here are some of the problems Major Lutz recalls the *Post* has had to take in stride.

First, the old "who, what, where, when" basis of journalism must be revised and pruned. "Who" and "what" are all right sometimes, but "where" and "when" are out most of the time. Private Anybody might send a copy of the camp paper home, and proud Ma Anybody would probably show it to Mrs. Backfence, who'd tell it to her bridge club. That means the whereabouts of the Upteenth division on such-and-such a date could become common talk in Berlin.

Getting news from the brass hats is tougher in the army, too. In civilian life a reporter can sit on the edge of the Mayor's desk and say, in effect, "Listen, Fatty, what gives?" Corporal Reporter can't do that to a camp "Mayor," in all probability a Major General who's more than somewhat touchy about his rank.

The staffs of most camp newspapers are enlisted men, with officers in very remote control. They operate on the wise assumption that men in the ranks can write stuff that other men in the ranks want to read.

—From the New York World-Telegram.

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maintain a standard worthy of the remark that General Pershing made about the old *S. & S.*: "I do not believe that any one factor could have done more to sustain the morale of the A.E.F." No finer journalistic accolade could be bestowed upon an army paper.

The "Methusaleh" of all the bona-fide papers of World War I was the *Amaroc News,* which derived its peculiar name from the two initial letters of the words *Am*erican *Ar*my of *Oc*cupation in Germany. Its journalistic career dated from April 21, 1919 to January 24, 1923. It was at first a four-page job, appearing daily and Sunday at Coblenz, Germany, and sold for 50 pfennings a copy normally (but in 1923 when the mark was tobogganning wildly downward, subscription was 3,600 marks a month). Perhaps, as in the case of *Stars and Stripes,* journalistic history will repeat itself, and there will be another *Amaroc News* published by American soldiers somewhere in Europe, perhaps on German soil, before World War II has run its course.

OF all camp newspapers circulating in Army camps in America in 1917-19, *Trench and Camp* was the most widely known. *Trench and Camp* was really a chain of about 40 camp papers published in the largest cantonments, sponsored by the YMCA and some local coöperating publisher. This project was under the direction of John Stewart Bryan, then chairman of the Advisory Board of Coöperating Publishers. Scores of thousands of copies appeared every week, from Maine to California and from Canada to the Gulf. Although they contained much syndicated material, most of the issue in every case was given over to local camp news. A smaller journalistic venture for the Navy was tried for a shorter period with some success in the South—*Afloat and Ashore,* but this enterprise never spread further than two or three installations.

Scores of organizational and camp papers were born during the first World War and flourished for a few weeks or months, only to vanish from journalistic ken when the army melted away in demobilization.

Virtually all of these World War I publications carried advertising in liberal quantity. But about 1920, and each year thereafter, Congress wrote into the annual Military Appropriation Act a clause which forbade any officer or enlisted man on the active list of the Army from receiving pay if he was engaged in any manner with any publication issued by or for any branch or organization of the Army or military association, which carried paid advertising of firms doing business with the War Department. The term "publication" was here construed to mean practically anything printed, so military-sponsored camp papers disappeared.

But with the passage of the Selective Service Act in 1940, the War Department commenced drafting plans for a full-fledged morale program for the millions of selectees destined to undergo military training. An important phase of this morale work was the camp newspaper. In December, 1940, the thorny problem of financing Army papers was solved, when it was announced that recreation and post exchange funds (which are not appropriated funds) could thereafter be used in defraying the expenses of publishing camp papers, but the papers were still forbidden to carry advertising.

In 1941 and 1942, and especially since Pearl Harbor, scores of camp, divisional, and regimental papers have sprung to life and make their appearance daily, twice-weekly or weekly. They are of all sizes and varieties, but their broad classes can be distinguished.

The first class is the bona fide camp newspaper, edited and published by soldier talent, and it contains no advertising. These are chiefly tabloid in size, with four or six pages per issue. Some of the best products in this class are *The Dixie* of the 31st (Dixie) Division, the *First Call,* weekly publication of the 44th Division, and the *Ivy Leaf,* weekly newspaper of the 4th Division Motorized. They are published on regular newsprint stock in most cases, although once in a while a regiment feels that it can afford slick paper.

Next in the order of camp publications are the non-printing press products, usually mimeographed or planographed, or perhaps multilithed. These are legion in number, and offer all the advantages of cheapness to smaller units or posts whose funds are limited. All the enterprising soldier-publisher needs is a stock of stencils, paper, a stapling machine, and a mimeograph or duplicating machine.

The third type of camp newspaper is the one which is published by a commercial house, usually the publisher of the daily paper in the camp community. The news is usually gathered by reporters of the papers or volunteer soldier-reporters. Often this type of paper is distributed free, the advertisers dividing up the total cost among themselves of putting out the paper. Some of the best papers in this class are the *Fort Bragg Post,* a weekly 24-page paper published by the Fayetteville Publishing Company, Fayetteville, N. C., for the men of Fort

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Bragg; the *Benning Herald,* published at Columbus, Ga., for the men of Fort Benning; and the *Fifth Corps News and Diamond Dust,* which appears at Fort Harrison, Ky.

In a class by itself, however, is *Yank,* a new U. S. Army weekly first issued June 13, 1942, and described as "a streamlined tabloid sheet," which is 10¾" x 14" and its entire 24-pages of rotogravure filled with pictures, news, and features of interest to soldiers. *Yank* is printed at the Cuneo Press, New York City, and produced by standard roto process. The paper is published weekly, and is printed on Saturday under the date of the following Wednesday. The publication sells for five cents and is only for soldiers outside the United States. About 200,000 copies of the first issue were printed and transported by ship and plane to all points of the compass.

A SHORT account of *Yank* by Corp. John Black in *Editor and Publisher* tells the editorial purpose in graphic language: "The keynote, of course, is to maintain morale, promote fighting spirit, bring war news to soldiers and aid training. But the paper is not nearly as nice-nellie as these pat phrases might suggest. It uses straight soldier language, calls a spade a spade, with an occasional adjective that can stand at attention. What has happened is that editorially the paper's aims have been humanized into dramatic stories of the front line, gripping tales of individual and unit exploits on all fronts, cheery news of home, photographs of swell-looking females, 100 per cent American and more or less attired, sports pages, poetry pages, movie news (of pictures the troops actually see), and radio news (of the programs they actually hear)."

There are about forty men on the staff of *Yank* at present. Lieut. Col. Egbert White is officer in charge, but the paper is essentially an enlisted man's product. The managing editor is Private William H. Richardson, former Sunday editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle.* Executive editor is Capt. Hartzell Spence, for a decade with United Press, and famed as author of *One Foot in Heaven.* Production and distribution are in charge of Maj. Franklin S. Forsberg, one-time general manager of Street & Smith Publications.

It can truthfully be said, without indulging in panegyrics, that *Yank* fulfills a criterion of professional excellence for army journalism heretofore unsatisfied.

Taking army and camp papers as a whole, Private John Q. Doakes probably likes the paper best which is definitely identified with his organization. The editor doesn't stay behind on the railroad platform and bid the outfit a cheery: "Good-bye, boys! And good luck!" He moves right along with the regiment or division, perhaps as a company clerk, a machine-gunner, or a top-sergeant. He is one of the boys, and knows the temper and characteristics of his unit from beans to bullets.

From the viewpoint of morale, the chief thing to be desired from an army paper is circulation. The more names of non-coms and privates that can be "chucked" into an issue the better. Officers have their share of publicity, but the paper is basically for the enlisted men themselves.

Most of the camp papers, without exception, have bright editorial pages. Humor, a poetry column, trenchant editorials, a few short paragraphs from the chaplain, and a cartoon or two comprise the typical editorial

YANK

5¢ By the men in the service

JUNE 13, 1942

F.D.R.: WHY WE FIGHT

SPOILING FOR ACTION U.S. gun battery in Australia ready for foe. "Let 'em come," they say, "we'll murder 'em."

First page of the streamlined new army newspaper, the *Yank.*

page. These papers, too, have a large staff of correspondents, for there is no payroll headache to worry the editor. Very often the company clerk is ipso facto editor, for all the news somehow funnels through the orderly room, and this individual is usually the one lucky man with a typewriter at his disposal.

A commissioned officer is usually technically responsible for the paper: mostly a man of some journalistic background and writing ability. The supervision exercised is normally at a minimum. But there are times when there must be someone to make decisions, to "go to bat" for the paper if need be, or if someone has sounded off on a sour note, to "take the rap."

The papers which appear most popular are the ones which build pride in the regiment or organization they serve, and here they fulfill a basic function: morale building. The achievements of the company, regiment or camp, past and present, are always eagerly consumed by the soldier-audience. And a bit of leg-art now and then will scarcely be amiss in the pictorial offerings.

Out in the military camp there is of necessity no slavish truckling to the style-manual. The editor of the paper always strives of course to produce as good a product journalistically as possible, but as the unit may be constantly on the move, much of the minutiae of composing room and rules of the copy-reader (unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians in most newspaper offices) often go by the board in military journalism.

The camp newspaper usually offers a medium for open discussion, or forum presentation of problems or situations in camp which soldiers might hesitate to take up directly with their superiors. Some camp papers have made an outstanding success of the letters-to-the-editor department. But this must not be overdone, for difficulties in military life are not usually cured by journalistic blasting. The letter to the editor which provokes a smile, will more often do the trick.

Plans are underway to develop a "trade-paper" for the camp newspapers exclusively. It will probably be sponsored by the staff of the *Yank,* and be devoted only to the editorial, production, and distribution problems of the 400 present army papers.

History will live in these papers which are published by the many American units both at home and in far-flung points of the compass. Files of all these papers will be very precious in years after this war, and the Library of Congress is already endeavoring to get as complete a representation as possible—it already has an outstanding collection of bound World War I soldier publications.

One need only recall that such well-known men in the world of letters, printing, and publicity once served on *Stars and Stripes* in World War I, to appreciate the calibre of talent which goes into camp papers: Alexander Woollcott, A. E. Giegengack (U. S. Public Printer), H. R. Baukhage (Washington radio commentator), Mark Watson, John T. Winterich, and many others.

The camp newspaper marches on. Journalism has joined up for the duration.

This article will be included in a forthcoming book by Mr. Larson, "Forging the Fighting Edge."

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When Moses Was in Egypt Land

ALL THE TRUMPETS SOUNDED. By W. G. Hardy. New York: Coward-McCann. 1942. 501 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

OF all the tasks before a writer, the most difficult, it seems to me, is to rewrite something that has been well written before. Next to this is the task of creating figures out of antiquity—to present people whose nature is so radically different from our own that we have no approach to them. In "All the Trumpets Sounded," G. W. Hardy had to grapple with both. He had to rewrite the story of Moses as already told in the Bible, and to deal with human beings who lived *circa* 1240 B.C.

The author brings to this undertaking a thorough knowledge of archaeology, a familiarity with the Near East, and a writer's gift for illuminating detail. But, to clear up matters right here, he has not the superior philosophical conception that stamps Thomas Mann's Biblical cycle, nor the all-embracing mastery of the theological, mythological, and psychological elements that were blended indissolubly in the "Joseph" stories. Once, however, this has been conscientiously stated, one can safely say that G. W. Hardy's biography of the great Deliverer of the Hebrews is a story of grand scope, gathering momentum as it moves along, and surprisingly gripping in spots. Finally, it throws a new light on the familiar figures of the Old Testament.

The story proper could be called—if this doesn't sound blasphemous—a historical or Biblical "Greenmantle" of 1240 B.C. I don't know how much of it is accepted by official exegesis, but it certainly has the combined excitements of a fable beloved since childhood, an adventure tale, and a career story.

It starts with intrigue in the Pharaoh's sumptuous and sadistic court, when Bint-Anath, his childless daughter, adopts a child of Hebrew parentage. Nobody believes her recital of how she found the baby near the river—an ironical touch—and ever since a slight suspicion hangs over the young boy. Moses grows up as a real Egyptian Prince, accepting all the rules and traditions of the court. He also learns the magic of the high priests; he discovers that he has the gift of projecting his will into other people's minds, so that they believe a rod, lying on the floor, to be a dangerous serpent. . . . Ambitious and impetuous, he conquers the land of the Kush, marries the Princess, comes home, triumphant, fights with his rival Merneptah, and is just ready to climb to the heights of his royal career when he is discovered to be a Hebrew, one of the despised slave race. He flees from Egypt into the wilderness.

This is the decisive turning point. Like Joseph, he goes through the depths of exhaustion, suffering, and despair. When he meets the wild tribe of the Kenites, he feels for the first time that the will of Yahweh, the God of Sinai, is with him and that he is chosen by Him. In time he becomes the chieftain of the nomadic Kenites, uniting them into a new strength. Driven by his hatred against the Egyptians, he launches an early attack on his old enemy, Merneptah, an attack that fails. . . . His faith is about to desert him, when he has the experience of the Burning Bush. He knows now that

he must save his people. Single-handed, he goes back to the palace of the Pharaoh—an all-too adventurous episode—and forces him to let the Hebrews leave Egypt.

But there is no point in further recapitulation here of a story many times told. What is important is that the story alone has enough substance to hold the reader. It is unfortunate, though, that it opens in the Pharaoh's palace, because these parts are the weakest of the whole work. Mr. Hardy's talents are not suited to the description of a depraved court. Nearly all Egyptian characters are standard, the situations seem awkward, and author and reader are equally ill at ease. The figure of Princess Tharbis, the queenly whore, is the most ill-starred of all. It is here, too, that the author's style falters, becomes either stiff or all too decorative. As soon, however, as Moses has become the outcast, the hunted Hebrew, as soon as he enters the life of the desert and struggles with the elementary forces of nature, both story and style gain tremendously in stature. Very forceful is the scene when Yahweh reveals himself to Moses in the chill of the night air on the mountain Sinai, when Moses feels the Presence gathering round him. Equally moving are other incidents in the last two thirds of the novel. Even the most delicate problem of the miracles—the Burning Bush, the Receding Waters—is handled in a superior manner. The analogy of the story with the fate of the Hebrew people of today is never made too obvious.

"All the Trumpets Sounded" is a book that gains the further it goes. Without reaching the stature of Thomas Mann's gigantic cycle, it is one of the few stories dealing with Biblical themes that has overcome successfuily almost all the difficulties inherent in its kind. It is reverent without being preachy, intellectual without being cold. One can't help wishing for a new Moses to lead the suppressed peoples of the earth away from the tyranny of the Pharaohs of our own time.

Law of the Self

EACH ALONE. By Harriet Ball. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 299 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

"EACH Alone" is an excellent title for this story if it suggests what I think it does, that each of us, be we in whatever happy company or close-knit relationship, remains inexorably alone. Miss Ball has illustrated the point fully, in a family portrait, taken at a moment of high tension in its history. The Victors come together to celebrate a golden wedding and there, among children and grandchildren, brothers, wives, sons, and uncles, the family seems to jell into a recognizable unit. But the solidification is only seeming, for all the time we are seeing it through separate minds, and it is never the same in any two. Each is a life alone, and they gather like strangers behind shields, thinking, reacting separately, terribly alone. You will like certain of them very much: the refreshing Holly, the sensitive Kathie, the stalwart Benjamin, and Stephen and Timothy, who are two facets of integrity. The others are more crotchety, worked in for effect. By its very virtues the book does not ever fuse into a narrative, which does not matter too much. There are several crises, about marriage relationships and remembered liaisons, but these are less real than the minds that feel and analyze them. A strongly subjective novel, this, and nicely done.

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The Arts in Gaza

The State of Culture in Virginia

BRANCH CABELL

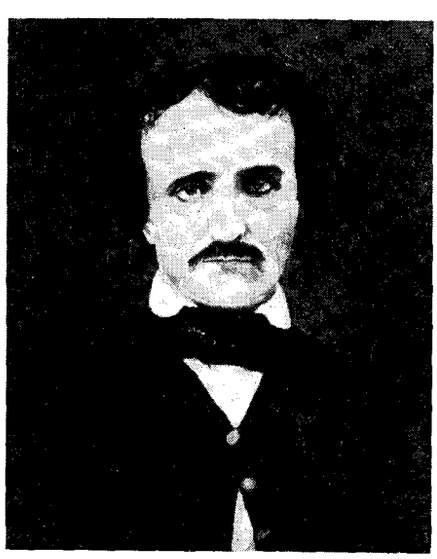
WITH that aptness which appears always to rest within the control of malice, the influence of the Commonwealth of Virginia in American art has been likened, by a Northern commentator, to the influence of a serpent—but only, as one makes haste to add, the influence of a serpent in Iceland. Just as there were not any snakes in Iceland, so in Virginia, for decade after decade, did one find, in any arena of the polite arts, a practitioner whose output it was possible, through even the most obstinate alliance of prevarication with good will, to describe as mediocre.

So long as one remembers, it has been the fashion, in Virginia, to extenuate this prolonged barrenness of Virginia's culture with the explanation that all the more highly gifted products of England's first colony have turned, as a matter of course, toward statesmanship, or else launched forth, upon seas of upturned faces, as unparalleled orators, because of each branch of bamboozling's more large emoluments in the form of applause and income. Virginians, in brief, did not choose to excel in the arts, because the arts did not pay: such, rather more exaltedly worded, has been our excuse. Merely mercenary considerations, one is thus urged to infer, prevented General George Washington, during hard-earned hours of leisure, after having achieved his dignified quest to imbed matrimonially an heiress, from jotting down a few oratorios; or kept James Monroe from inditing (in addition to a Doctrine of which foreigners have been so uncritical as to accept both sections) an autochthonous and more genteel Iliad; or delayed Patrick Henry from quite finishing those paintings upon the superiority of which to many of the masterpieces of Jonathan Turnbull it would be time-wasting to dwell.

I, for one, lament this fashion of explaining the Mother of Presidents' inability to conceive anything more permanent than eight items in the, upon the whole, deplorable list of our Chief Executives. I regret the inevitable inference that the main objective of an intelligent Virginian must be to increase his bank-account by all means not of necessity exposed to punishment by the criminal laws of Virginia. I prefer to believe it was not the sordid nature of George Washington or of James Monroe or of Patrick Henry which prevented any one from becoming a world-famous artist. I elect to think that the inferiority, or, to speak with justice, the non-existence, of Virginian art, for so long a while after Captain Christopher Newport had settled Jamestown and avoided making up any lies about Pocahontas, ought not to be attributed, as a glib matter of course, to the ingrained self-seeking of all native-born Virginians. I protest, rather, that among Virginians, and even in the statuesque bosoms of the more profitably celebrated Virginians, there may have lurked some remnants of magnanimity. I think, in brief, that we Virginians have been giving, to the lower world outside the Old Dominion, an incorrect excuse for our backwardness in artistic matters.

ALL these reflections are the immediate fruitage of a couple of sentences in the recent "Poe's Richmond,"* by Agnes M. Bondurant, a book which I must recommend very heartily to anyone who takes interest either in Edgar Allan Poe or in the social evolution of Virginia. With literary criticism Miss Bondurant is not concerned; but of the Richmond which Poe knew, the Richmond of the first half of the last century, her portrayal is no less complete and vigorous than it is opulent in the grotesque and gaudy.

Two sentences, I said: for Miss Bondurant has recorded, in her description of Richmond's cultural life, as it flickered tenuously beside the James river a good hundred years ago, this friendly proviso against any reader's possible error: "It was not the planters"—that is, the landed aristocracy of Virginia —"but the professional and business men of Richmond who were responsible for the promotion of literary culture in the city. These were the people who showed enough appreciation for Dickens and Thackeray to give them pleasant receptions."



E. A. Poe left Richmond and found a career.

Neither of these sentences, I believe, upon mature deliberation, is intended to be devastating. I would very much like to acclaim Miss Bondurant as a virtuosa of irony, in view of that really unimprovable second sentence; yet, after reading her book, I imagine she wrote every word of this sentence without any unladylike indulgence in fiendish cacklings. She, perhaps, did not even smile.

Yet one needs point out, in the cause of historical truth, that when Charles Dickens visited Richmond he was not the target of a "pleasant reception." Instead, the professional and business men, who were responsible for the promotion of culture in the city of Richmond, arranged in his honor, at the Exchange Hotel, a *petite souper*. Mr. Dickens was privileged to meet about ninety of the leading commission merchants and tobacconists of Richmond, as well as a Judge of the Circuit Court and a State Senator, at this *petite souper*. That his books were liked by their wives and daughters, they all assured him in the most friendly manner. They themselves did not have much time for reading, it was admitted; but they looked forward, with an unanimous eagerness, to reading several of his books next summer, at the Springs, when one would have leisure for novels. That at least one patron of culture told him, beamingly, how much the speaker had enjoyed Mr. Dickens' "Last Days of Pompeii," appears certain.

Mr. Thomas Ritchie, owner and semi-retired editor of the *Richmond Enquirer*, presided over what he afterward described, in his paper, as "this elegant and *recherché* entertainment." At this *petite souper*, Mr. Ritchie commended Mr. Dickens for having passed over the great, the glaring, the magnificent, in order to bring out humble worth and unpretending merit; and for having sought the violet, in its lowly bed, so as to give its perfume to the light of day. The excursive imagination of our young but distinguished guest (Mr. Ritchie stated) had wandered over the whole surface of human nature; yet instead of investing wealth or power with additional attractions, it had seized upon humble points in the human landscape, had lighted

**POE'S RICHMOND. By Agnes M. Bondurant. Richmond: Garrett & Massie. 1942. 264 pp. $3.*

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them up with the fire of his genius, and had thus given to them that conspicuous position to which they were entitled.

Continuing in Mr. Ritchie's self-admitted task, to see to it that the circling hours might glide on, gladdening and rejoicing, until after midnight, Mr. Ritchie regretted that "we bring around our distinguished guest no boast of literary circle. We have no Washington Irving to grace the chair; we have no Bryant present to celebrate his praises in rapturous strain." Then Mr. Ritchie—in perfectly correct present-day form, but a full hundred years ago, in the March of 1842—went on to explain that this was simply because "the *forte* of the Old Dominion was to be found in the masculine production of her statesmen, her Washington, her Jefferson, and her Madison, who had never indulged in works of imagination, in the charms of romance, or in the mere beauties of the *belles lettres.*"

The exact trick of it, one notes, lies in that "mere."

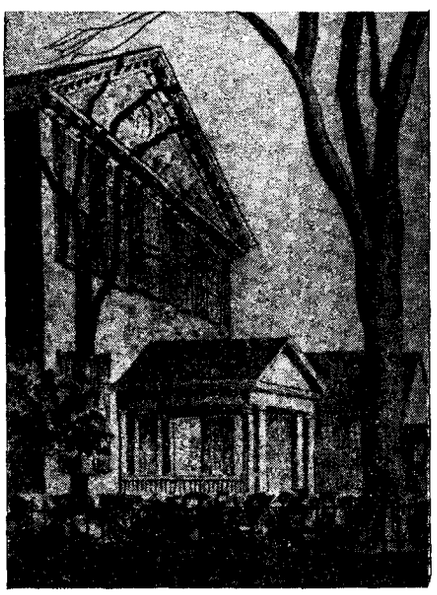
In this manner did the professional and business men, who were responsible for the promotion of literary culture in Richmond, honor conscientiously the large sales of Mr. Dickens' novels, at an elegant and *recherché* entertainment. They were not pleased when, later in the same year, he published his "American Notes."

YET Mr. Thomas Ritchie, alas, did not stop talking when the circling hours had glided to the midnight of 19 March 1842. Throughout all Virginia, Mr. Ritchie, under one or another alias, is still talking. For a full century, Mr. Ritchie has not ever ceased to account for Virginia's defects "in the mere beauties of the *belles lettres,*" as in all other mere arts, by pointing out that the acknowledged *forte* of the Old Dominion is to produce great statesmen and unparalleled orators, even at a period when, to the captious, her current politicians and public speakers might appear undazzling.

Nor have we changed at all (I reflected, as I put aside Miss Bondurant's book) in that throughout Virginia it is still the professional and business men who have charge of our culture. When the leadership of any formal cultural enterprise falls vacant, it is forthwith entrusted, as an affair of course, to a retired or semi-retired man of business who—in our customary phrase—"has the time and money to attend to it."

I could think of no plain reason why a college, say, should not be conducted by a retired newspaper publisher—like Mr. Thomas Ritchie—or a civic symphony association by a retired banker, or a city's handsome and liberally endowed art gallery by the retired head of a large department store. We might even be promoting culture, upon a proper mercantile basis, by having hired out an entire town to be demolished into the back-drop for a retired oil merchant's elegant and *recherché* and daily fancy-dress party, among his pensioners' painstaking parodies of the obsolete. How better, indeed, could culture be disposed of, once and for all, than by a person who had the time and money to attend to it? I, at least, could not find any quite definite flaw in the logic of this theory. But I did know, just as the world knows, that in practice this theory has not worked. We all know for how long a while the culture of Virginia, as thus comfortably conducted, has proved, in every field of art, to be sterile.

One considers, for example, with a sort of incredulous awe, the record of the College of William and Mary, as being the very oldest of Virginia's cultural institutions. Founded in 1693, this college has somehow managed, through-



John Marshall's Richmond home.

out the astounding length of 249 years, to produce, with but one possible exception, no graduate distinguished in any branch of creative art. The thing seems, not extraordinary, but miraculous. It defies all granted laws of probability that the name of at least one fairly known painter, or musician, or sculptor, or poet, or dramatist, should not adorn the long list of the thousands of persons who, during two and a half centuries, have been educated, and elaborately educated, at William and Mary. Yet even in the minor craft of romantic fiction-writing this college, until lately, could display only Thomas Jefferson—whom nowadays, of course, an ugly and indeed open tinge of anti-British sentiments disbars from polite consideration.

In brief, I believe Miss Bondurant has touched the root of this matter: in Virginia the professional and business men have been always the custodians of our culture. The main, the official, promotion of every humane art has been entrusted, without fail, to this or the other coterie of highly estimable persons who, despite their many virtues, and for all that they had the time and money to attend it, yet happened to know very little, or else precisely nothing, about that special art which was their protegé; and so no more than Samson has art thrived in the hands of the Philistines. Now do you let me assure you that no word of these remarks is meant to asperse Philista, whose overlords I find to be a far more congenial breed than are artists, by and large; and whom I so cordially admire and respect in their own fields that I cannot but dislike to see them set up, like point-de-vice scarecrows, to supervise quite alien fields wherein —like Mr. Thomas Ritchie—they become unhumorous figures of fun.

ONE grants gratefully that of late the pre-eminence of Gath and Ascalon in Virginia has been rendered rather more hurtless by the increased ease of travel. The young with artistic impulses, I mean, have been able to leave Virginia (just as Poe left Virginia) so as to develop their talents elsewhere; and this they have done, with many gratifying results. No Virginian who remained in Virginia has ever achieved anything of recognized importance in the creative arts. Ellen Glasgow, who at first glance might appear the sole exception, has travelled far and often; nor during her youth was she the victim of any formal cultural training as dispensed by Virginian culture. Her primary education —it is an open secret—was an affair over which Ellen Glasgow herself presided, with the assistance of that delectable and wise gentlewoman whom Ellen Glasgow, in her caustic novel "Virginia," has commemorated as Miss Priscilla Batte.

I have not, in conclusion, any remedy to offer. When a state or a city organizes—in Edith Wharton's agreeable phrase—"to pursue culture in bands, as if it were highly dangerous," why, then the machinery of the resultant organization needs, it is obvious, to be handled by persons who are familiar with the chicane of all organizations. That is mere logic: and yet, just somehow, this mechanical hunting down of culture does fail to produce art. It produces instead, in large numbers, art's patron and apologist, as so very blatantly blended in the, I fear, immortal person of Mr. Thomas Ritchie.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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Bringing the War Home to Germany

ATTACK. By F. O. Miksche. New York: Random House. 1942. 267 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROGER SHAW

THIS book is a practical guide, written by a professional soldier whose audience might be considered just a bit uncertain. It is hardly a volume for the amateurs and armchair critics, for it is totally lacking in glamour and "personal" interest. On the other hand, much of it is already well-known to professionals like Major Miksche, the author.

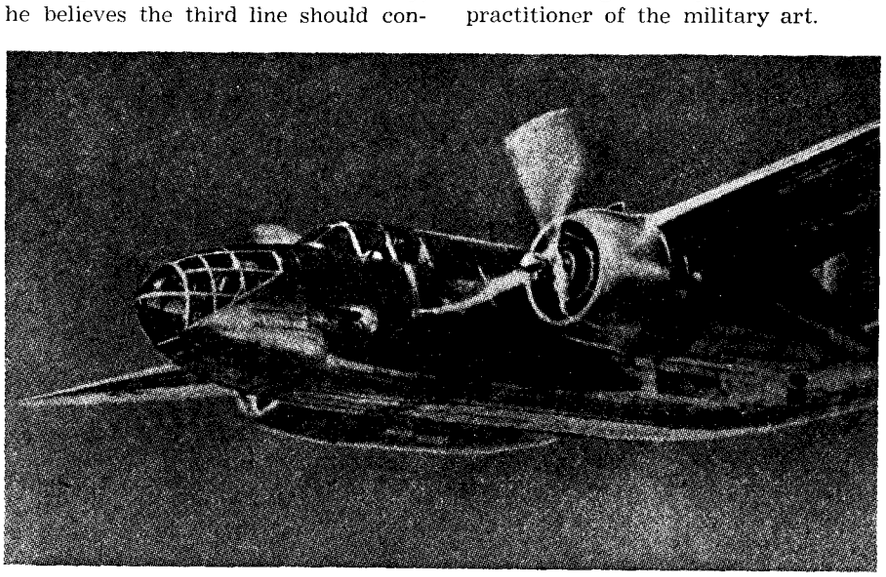
Miksche is a Czech regular who also served the Loyalists in the Spanish civil war. His specialty is artillery, and his mind is strictly technical. He seldom, if ever, moralizes, and his data runs to tables and organization and all sorts of charts—some of them just a trifle involved and devious. Miksche wrote the book in Czech, and then checked the translation word for word with a Czech-English dictionary. He is more familiar with technical German military terms than with those of England or the United States. His viewpoint is "continental."

His main thesis is that the German blitz method was up-to-date, while the late, lamented French method was not. As the title indicates, he believes in attack, and not in the "Maginot" or "Channel & Singapore" methods of defense. He thinks your modern army should have as a nucleus an offensive team of tanks, planes, and motorized guns and infantry. These men should be professional experts, like—for example—the *Afrika Korps*. Also, he thinks that robot masses of foot conscripts have their secondary place, to back up the shock formations. Finally, he believes the third line should consist of firemen, police, anti-aircraft wardens, home-defense civilians, guerrillas, and such "last stand" people. He is a firm adherent of the air, but by no means a disciple of De Seversky and his air-minded school of particularists. After all, Miksche is a land fighter, and a soldier, not an aviator.

The Czech major believes that the violent Germans learned a great deal from the Spanish war, while the French tended to ignore it, and relied on the piping days of 1918. He compares the German and French use of tanks, and finds that the best defense against tanks is bigger, better, and more tanks. Of course, the Germans lost the first W. W. and therefore turned to something new, tactically, while the French stuck to what they found successful.

"Attack" makes a great deal of *Schwerpunkt* and *Aufrollen*. These are two German offensive terms, which mean that you concentrate in brutal strength at a limited weak spot in the enemy's line, break through, and then "fan out" behind it by a process of infiltration. He outlines attack methods to meet attacks, discounting the mutual defense systems of the first W. W. The Miksche book has received splendid reviews in England, and it boasts an able introduction by Tom Wintringham, leading military critic.

Said Miksche reprovingly to Wintringham, who was trying to help him with the job: "Tom! This is very civilian!" For this reason, says Wintringham, "the book should be read as a continental, a European essay on tactics; my attempts to 'English it' completely have not succeeded." Just the same, the Czech major (now somewhere in England) is all man and no mouse, though hardly a Wodehousian practitioner of the military art.



—*From "Victory-in-the-Making."*

THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY. By Wm. B. Ziff. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 274 *pp., with biblio.* $2.50.

Reviewed by COLONEL H. E. HARTNEY (Lt.-Colonel, Army of U. S., Inact.)

THIS is a hard book but it is a good one. Hard, because the author's thinking is as cold-blooded and realistic as the enemy's; good, because our people are hungry for the bitter truth. They get it here—in earnest.

Like the globular war of which Ziff speaks, it is all-embracing. It packs into one volume every phase of modern strategical warfare with particular emphasis upon air power and the civilian population; the latter two being the characteristic added elements of World War II, as opposed to World War I.

This book is solid fare. I's are dotted and T's are crossed. It is stuffed with information and backed up by authoritative reference. The first part is a clear-cut blueprint of our present position in the war, economically, strategically, tactically. Economically, in some critical materials, we are already "have nots" and our enemy "haves." Rubber is the best example. The Axis, in September 1939, according to Ziff's figures, held zero percentage of the World's production on rubber—now they have 91.1%.

The author believes that our prewar and our present pathway of what he calls "the stolid and commonplace" has led and is leading us precipitously toward catastrophe and defeat. He tells how and why, and infers, I believe, that had it not been for the Battle of Britain won by some 3,000 flying men and without the engagement of any ground or sea forces, the situation would now have become so terrible (833 warships under control of Germany, not including Japan, and only 322 under United States) that by now the end of the war would have been accomplished—in our defeat.

To one familiar with a similar warning given by Lord Trenchard, dean of the R.A.F. and crusader for land-based planes, whose voice, in the years between World War I and II, was as one crying in the wilderness, we cannot help seeing some similarity to Ziff's message. Certain it is that had Great Britain heeded Trenchard and depended upon such craft in Singapore instead of the conventional naval defense, had they listened even as late as January 1938, when he appealed in the House of Lords—as Ziff does here—

(*Continued on page* 16)

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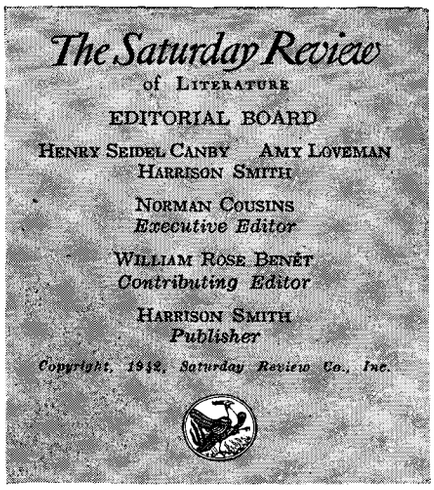

THE QUESTION WE FORGOT

IF you haven't yet read the stories of the Americans who arrived on friendly shores after having been interned in Japanese camps since the start of the war, hunt up the back copies of your newspapers and get a close-up view of what this war is about. Then, after you finish reading those papers, put them away in safekeeping somewhere for future reference, for it is not likely that all those stories will be recorded anywhere else. It would be a great service if all of them could be preserved in book form, with all the additional detail of fact and personal observation that had to be eliminated or compressed for newspaper coverage. But such is the pressure of history on the double-quick that many publishers may, with justification, fear that, by the time the books can be manufactured, their stories will have been obscured or thrust into the remote background by countless other experiences equally as important and dramatic, if not more so.

All this is another way of saying that in an heroic age the heroic becomes the commonplace. And what is happening today in that respect has always happened whenever history is measured in such rapid and profuse eruptions that trying to keep up with it is like trying to catch the output of a field of booming oil wells in a thimble. How can anyone whose job it is to take down a running account of the times go about gathering and assorting his facts according to what is part of history and what is not at a time when everything is history? The answer is, he cannot. It is no more possible for the writer or editor or historian or publisher to conduct business-as-usual than it is for anyone else.

Many of the accounts of the experiences of the Americans caught in Japan at the outbreak of war will thus fall victim to the Profusion. And yet, for sheer drama and meaning, these stories are worth reading and remembering. There is the case of the American missionary trapped in Tokyo who was given the "water cure" in an attempt to make him sign a statement saying he had engaged in espionage activities. This ingenious device consisted of pouring gallons of water down the throat of the choking victim—a neat little trick designed to simulate drowning. Then, for a change of pace, there would be the rubber hose treatment, applied to the soles of the feet. In telling this story, the missionary, with characteristic humaneness, forgave his tormentors, saying they were only the dupes of the Japanese war lords.

But dupes or not, their zeal in carrying out their assignments is now a matter of record. Otto Tolischus, correspondent of *The New York Times* formerly stationed in Tokyo, wrote that the Japanese soldiers and police, in their handling of American citizens, followed "traditions reaching back to primitive ages and previously demontrated in China [by the Japanese]. These practices ranged from disregard of diplomatic courtesies to the imprisonment and torture of American and British newspaper correspondents, business men, and missionaries; the massacre of British and American wounded at Hong Kong and Wake Island; the massacre of British miners in Thailand, and the rape and subsequent slaughter of British women and girls, including war hospital nurses."

Mr. Tolischus tells of the systematic brutality against consular representatives of the American nations—the while, he might have added, Japanese officials in this country were living the life of Riley at a Southern resort, in keeping with protocol and the American spirit of fair play. But the suffering of the American envoys was as nothing compared to treatment of correspondents and civilians. Mr. Tolischus, himself, was given a first-hand and personal view of the matter when, after being accused of espionage, he was forced to squat in Japanese style for hours at a time while policemen kicked him "until my knees were covered with open wounds and I was a physical wreck"—all in an effort to force a confession. It seemed incredible to the Japanese that American newsmen were not also spies, since they themselves, by their own admission, were in the practice of doubling up on the functions as a matter of pure economy. Another instance of Japanese gentility was practiced upon the Standard Oil representative in Yokohama, who was beaten and handcuffed and prevented from removing his clothing for a week. And so it goes—a sickening catalogue of manifestations of the true fascist spirit.

But aren't these "atrocity stories?" You bet they are. In all that fancy thinking of sweet reason that followed the last war, when we attempted to inoculate ourselves against ever again believing atrocity stories, we overlooked just one thing: what were we going to do when the atrocities actually happened? That was the question we forgot.

N. C.

Little Key

By Laura Benét

"A KEY!" said she in surprise—
There, dangling from his wrist
Was a delicate thing the size
Of a fairy's fist.
"May it show me the heart of my child,
Aloof and wild!"

She had waited until he slept,
Wan, wistful-eyed.
On slippered feet she had crept
Through darkening rooms to his side.
Yes, over the heart's pulsing clock
Was a tiny lock.

It swung open, the heart of her son.
What saw she? High wilding grass;
A colt tossing its head to run
Through a rocky pass;
Voices cried, "Mother, come no more
To this secret door!"
Voices said, "Have no fear—it is free
From aught save liberty."

Though the mother, closing it fast,
Withdrew, strange fire in her brain,
She tried the sky at long last
Again and again,
When she thought her son short-spoken
Or brooded on promises broken.

The little key, rusting in air,
Fitted ill in the lock.
Each time she forced it there
Gave a shuddering shock.
A fragile instrument bent
By prying intent.

Then came a night when the key
Would not fit at all,
When her son in an ecstasy
Turned his face to the wall,
As his heart, quickening its pace,
Withdrew to a safer place.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

How to Talk to the Enemy

SIR:—I read with great interest Mr. Charles J. Rolo's article on "How to Talk to the Enemy." Whatever the writer says is basically true and I only regret that he was not more explicit and concrete.

Propaganda to Germany (and German-dominated Central Europe) suffers from two shortcomings which are closely interrelated. (I leave out their Anglo-Saxon "dialectics"—a characteristic already sufficiently stressed by Mr. Rolo.)

1. They are: "democratic" propaganda. Europe with the exception of the *monarchical* islands and peninsulas in the North is *not democratic* in sentiment, tradition, or outlook. (It sounds paradoxical but there we are.) This does *not* imply that Continental Europe is by nature fascist. But if the present set-up breaks down there will be no return to either Weimar, the Third Republic, or Mr. Beneš's democracy. Democracy and Freedom may be synonymous in the ear of the average American, but Europe had and has the experience of brutal "popular governments" and happy-go-lucky monarchies. Francis Joseph was more liberal than the Great Paperhanger. Neither is the democratic experiment from 1918 till 1938 the "Good old time."

2. The very form of propaganda is strongly inspired by refugees. Nazi-fascism appealing to the collectivized masses of Mr. and Mrs. Averagemen is "anti-minoritarian." Most emigrés are not "typical" for their countries. They are aristocrats, clergymen, intellectuals, artists, members of royal families. The "left" element is on the whole much better represented.

Only a very few of these refugees have what the Germans call *Einfühlungsvermögen*—the ability to think themselves into somebody else's position and mind. This is a very rare gift, anyhow.

In order to get the right approach one ought to study all the writings published inside the axis world which have an oppositional character. I refer to such books as for instance Jünger's "Auf den Marmorklippen."

FRANCIS S. CAMPELL.
Yellowstone National Park.

P.S.: I have spent about 20 years, from 1920 till 1939 in Central Europe. My English is more than rusty.

The Scholar at Bay

SIR:—Many thanks for publishing the splendid article by Archibald MacLeish, "The Attack on the Scholar's World," in your issue of the 18th inst.

The scholar who can still ride a fence in days so pregnant with decision as the present unwittingly betrays the values of that interior world of the intellect in which he professes so much faith. Mr. MacLeish's well-directed statement sharply points the challenges of current events to the scholar's future. If he would still have his inner world of books and ideas after the war the scholar no less than the rest of mankind who value democracy as a way of life must know that the hour has struck when this world must be defended by every physical and spiritual means at our command against the fascist barbarians who make no secret of their plans to destroy it, should the war eventuate in their victory.

ED FALKOWSKI.
Toledo, Ohio.

"Say listen, Bud, howdy'a like to buy a good idea for a movie script."

SIR:—May I suggest that if your readers who were impressed by Archibald MacLeish's leading article in July 18 *S.R.L.* on "Attack on Scholars World," will re-read Lancelot Hogben's little book, "Retreat from Reason," published 1937 by Random House, they will find the same thing more convincingly said.

ERWIN ARMSTRONG.
Scarborough-on-Hudson,
New York.

"The Palmetto and the Pine"

SIR:—Can you tell me who wrote the poem known to me as "The Palmetto and the Pine," about the time of the Civil War's close. It runs as follows:

They planted them together
Our gallant sires of old
Though one was crowned with crystal snow
And one with solar gold.
They planted them together
By the river of the years,
Watered by our fathers' heart blood
Watered with our mothers' tears.

It goes on for thirty or forty lines and ends:

Together cry the people
And together it shall be
An everlasting signal balm
Forever for the free.
Of liberty the signet seal
The one eternal sign
Be those united
The palmetto and the pine.

My mother, who just passed away at the age of eighty-two, used to recite this poem to me when I was a boy, and I would like to know where it can be found and who wrote it.

LEONARD E. ROGERS.
Columbus, Ohio.

Thunder on the Left?

SIR:—Congratulations on the greatly improved format of "Trade Winds"! It is easier to read, with all those little hands missing and respectable paragraphs substituted. The material it contained was always good, but I had a hard time digging out the information it contained, with the continual distraction of the hands. Once I complained to the mysterious Quercus but was told in no uncertain terms that he had always done it that way, liked it, and intended to continue in that style. Apparently Bennett Cerf has different ideas, and I'm glad. It's a nice job and contributes noticeably to the value of *S.R.L.*

VIRGINIA YOUNG.
Denver, Colo.

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Who's Who in Naval Warfare

JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS, 1941. Edited by Francis E. McMurtrie, A.I.N.A. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 529 *pp., illus.* $19.

Reviewed by PAUL SCHUBERT

THIS noted volume—the "Who's Who" of men-of-war—is the latest installment in a serial which has been going on for nearly half a century, ever since modern navies became an important element in the destinies of the machine age. Jane's, brought up to date by this 1941 issue, is the record of the famous—or infamous—international naval competition which began when young Kaiser Wilhelm II became persuaded that the "trident" must be grasped by the German fist, even though that meant an effort to wrest the trident from the hands of the British.

Since 1897, "Jane's Fighting Ships," a British institution, has recorded, year by year, the astonishing development of the navies of four great powers—the British and the German, and also the United States' and Japanese navies—together with the ups and downs of all lesser navies. The book undertakes to list and describe every fighting ship in the world; in almost every case it shows a photograph of the ship or of the class to which she belongs; identification silhouettes are also given. The section of advertisements is a parallel record of the industrial evolution which has made such navies possible. This year the North American edition of Jane's is published by Macmillan, though the printing was done in England and the book is identical with the British edition.

When Jane's began, it appeared as though the British and German navies would be the decisive factors in machine sea power. But the narrative told annually in Jane's long expensive volumes—told in pictures of men-of-war and terse statistical data of men-of-war, their guns and armor, their engines and boilers—has proved to be a record of the movement of sea power's focal point away from the North Sea, away from the old world, away from Britain and Germany, into the Pacific where the "trident" is now being disputed by the issue-swaying steel of the United States and Japan, who between them will sway the ultimate outcome of the present total war upon the seas.

Since Jane's began, there have been other major shifts in sea warfare. Back in 1897 surface men-of-war were the heart and soul of navies. But navies have evolved three-dimensionally down into the submarine world and up into the air.

To the extent that Jane's is still a book of fighting ships, it has become an incomplete record of naval power. Modern navies are no longer ship navies, they are navies of ship-power and *aircraft*-power. The aircraft-carrier, for instance, is less important as a fighting ship than as the vehicle of the eighty fighting planes which are the aircraft-carrier's true portion of sea power. There is now a companion book to "Jane's Fighting Ships," called "All the World's Aircraft." We would get a truer picture of modern sea power if naval ships and naval aircraft were wedded into one volume, as they are in the mind of the modern seafaring man, who consults the one volume only with reference to the other.

To turn the pages of "Jane's Fighting Ships" in its 1941 form, is to get a grand panorama of great navies at war—the ship side of navies, page after page of ships, navy after navy, great navies of hundreds of ships, small navies like the two-ship navy of Haiti, the thirteen-ship navy of Venezuela. Hungary, without a seacoast, has four river-patrol craft on the Danube. Argentina has two old battleships, three cruisers, seven destroyers, three submarines, and various lesser vessels.

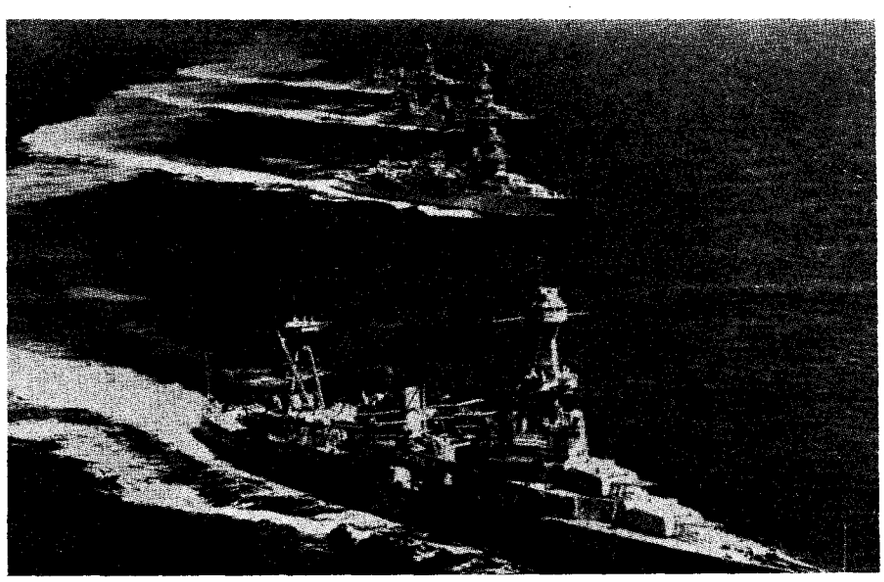
Britain's Navy is gigantic—so gigantic that the list of losses suffered since the present war began is in itself a respectable navy of ships, with men-of-war of every class, battleships, battle-cruisers, aircraft-carriers, destroyers, submarines, and many, many trawlers, corvettes, and humble pawns of naval warfare. But these losses are only a fraction of the much greater navy that remains.

And, on the Axis side, here's the German *Tirpitz,* menace of the Norwegian coast, and her sister *Bismarck,* sunk in the Atlantic in May, 1941. Here's the record of the Italian cruisers sunk at the Battle off Cape Matapan, and the battleships torpedoed at Taranto. Japan's aircraft-carriers are pictured—graceless ships; when these pages were printed no one knew that the Midway battle would plough great gaps in Japan's aircraft-carrier strength.

The United States has a great navy, strong in war strength, growing every minute. How some of the old ships have changed, modernized through a quarter-century! How sleek and streamlined the new ships. Here's a bit of tragedy: the *USS Houston* is still listed among the heavy cruisers, but in the addenda listed among the ship casualties—she was lost off Java. Here's history, photographic evidence that the United States has converted cargo carriers of the Moore-MacCormack line into aircraft-carriers, the first, ex-*Mormacmail,* now known as the *Long Island.*

Seafaring men consult this book daily. It is aboard every important man-of-war in every navy in the world. It is in every important naval library. It is hauled off the shelf for naval professional reasons more often than any other book of reference. Its pages of ship silhouettes alone are referred to countless thousands of times every year, for the identification of ships sighted at sea. Ashore, Jane's helps newsmen write their stories when the ticker tells of naval action—Jane's gives details of the ships engaged, tells how many guns they have, what speed they can make, adds piquant details such as: "a heavy roller at slow speeds, though a good steady gun platform when making better than 20 knots."

Jane's is also in great demand in libraries ashore, by research workers



—*From "Victory-in-the-Making."*

United States destroyers practice dodging maneuvers in the Atlantic.

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and by young men between the ages of 12 and 20 who pore through the pages fascinated, imaginations running riot in vision of the sea and ships. Jane's is also consulted by male adults between 20 and 100 for exactly the same reason—it is a hard-working volume throughout its lifetime, and these days, when you request a late issue at any public library reference room, the usual answer is: "Already out."

For all its authority, the latest volume of Jane's reveals few secrets. The book is the soul of discretion. If all the world knows that a certain over-age American destroyer turned over to the British ultimately has found its way to the hands of a Norwegian crew, Jane's reports this as a possibility, not as a fact. In this warring world, discretion is a cardinal virtue and factual information is always something presumed to be of value to the enemy.

Besides all that, Jane's remains as indelibly British as the *Illustrated London News* or *Punch* (the London Charivari).

Yet the main peculiarity of the 1941 Jane's, as a record of navies, remains its one-sided presentation of ships. Of course it couldn't present anything else. It is a record of ships, and ships are still the fundamental units of sea-going navies.

But the aerial side of naval warfare has become so vitally important that it is curious to see navies presented as institutions of ships!

And that is in itself a paradoxical commentary upon our changing times.

Paul Schubert, news analyst for the Mutual Broadcasting System, heard each weekday evening, is the author of the recently published "Sea Power in Conflict."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Romeo, in "Romeo and Juliet," by Shakespeare.
2. Dorian Gray, in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," by Oscar Wilde.
3. Javert, in "Les Miserables," Victor Hugo.
4. "Anna Karenina," by Leo Tolstoi.
5. Vicomte Signolles, in "A Coward," by Guy de Maupassant.
6. Cio Cio San, in "Madame Butterfly," opera by Puccini's librettists, after the play by Belasco, based on the story by John Luther Long.
7. "Richard Cory," by E. A. Robinson.
8. Bess, the landlord's daughter, in "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes.
9. John Oakhurst, in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," by Bret Harte.
10. Rev. Alfred Davidson, in "Rain," by Somerset Maugham.

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Back to Theseus and Asgard

MYTHOLOGY. By Edith Hamilton. Boston: Little Brown. 1942. 465 *pp., and index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

IF you want to know about Indra or Quetzalcoatl, Miss Hamilton's book will not make you posted. But if your subjects are Erysichthon or Virtumnus, you will get ample information about them in this "Mythology." The book, then, is not as comprehensive as its title implies. But what is a book on mythology for? For a relatively few people it is to give an account of the sacred stories possessed by the score or so of peoples who have achieved civilizations, but for the bulk of readers it is to give a background for modern literature, to help them to understand the references in "Endymion" or "Prometheus Unbound" or "Phedre." An account of classical mythology, of the mythology of Greece and of the slighter mythology of the Latin people, suffices for this. And a little has to be added about the northern gods to help us in a less extensive field.

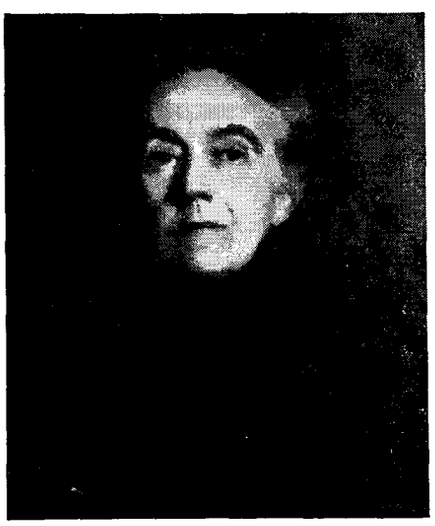
Miss Hamilton relates the whole mythos of Greece and as much of a mythos as Rome had in a brisk, literal way that has its own effectiveness. No attempt is made to evoke the primeval age by language or rhythm of sentence.—

> When Pirithous, who was King of the Lapithae, married, Theseus was, of course, one of the guests, and was exceedingly useful there. The marriage feast was perhaps the most unfortunate that ever took place. The Centaurs, creatures who each had the body of a horse and the chest and face of a man, were related to the bride and came to the wedding. They proceeded to get drunk and seize the women. Theseus leaped to the defense of the bride and struck down the Centaur who was trying to carry her off . . . Quite characteristically, Pirithous after the bride of the disastrous wedding feast was dead, decided that for his second wife he would try to get the most carefully guarded lady in all the universe, none other than Persephone herself. Theseus agreed, of course, to help him, but, stimulated probably by the idea of this magnificently dangerous undertaking, declared that first he would carry off Helen, the future Heroine of Troy.

Norse mythlogy is given as a sort of supplement. In the field of literary reference this is fair treatment, but the space is too contracted to give a clear idea of the immense drama of the destruction of Asgard and the end of the gods. Moreover, the introduction is wrong-headed in a way surprising to find in the work of a scholar such as Miss Hamilton. "The poets of the Norse mythology," she writes, "who saw that victory was possible in death and that courage is never defeated are the only spokesmen for the belief of the whole great Teutonic race of which England is a part, and ourselves through the first settlers in America. Everywhere else in northwestern Europe the early records, the traditions, the songs and stories were obliterated by the priests of Christianity, who felt a bitter hatred for the Paganism they had come to destroy. It is extraordinary how clear a sweep they were able to make."

It is extraordinary how clear a sweep of everything sensible Miss Hamilton is able to make in these few sentences. Not twenty-five per cent of the English people, present-day authorities say, are of Teutonic origin. Ireland is in northwestern Europe, and not all traditions, songs, and stories were obliterated there: the Christian priests took the trouble to write down a good many of them. The epic-tale of the Cattle Spoil of Cooley is older than the Eddas by chronology, much older in spirit, and far more representative of early north western Europe. For the Norse mythology (it would be more exact to name it the Icelandic mythology) is, as Spengler says, the first creation of the modern European mind and not a survival of pre-Christian Europe. Says Henry Adams Bellows, the latest translator of the Voluspo, "the roving Norsemen of the tenth century, very few of whom had as yet accepted Christianity, were nevertheless in close contact with Celtic races which had already been converted and in many ways the Celtic influence was strongly felt."

The tenth century, mark! And when one realizes that Britain and Ireland were Christian for seven and six hundred years at the time one perceives how long the roving Norsemen had to build up a mythology that would be counter to Christianity in spirit and relatively modern, and quite distinct from the old Teutonic mythology. Indeed, the mythology of the Eddas is so modern that Nazidom approves of it. And how odd it is for Miss Hamilton to write as if it were only the poets of the Norse mythology who saw that victory was possible in death and that courage was never defeated! "And Cuchullain, knowing it was his last laugh, laughed long and loud!"



Edith Hamilton

The kind of exclusive Teutonism Miss Hamilton shows recalls Charles Kingsley's and has the same ideology at the back of it. "An inexorable fate," she writes, "played no more part in the Norseman's scheme of existence than predestination did in St. Paul's, or in that of his militantly Protestant followers." As in Charles Kingsley, St. Paul, Protestantism, and the hardihood of the Norse race are all knit together, and somehow all justify post-Reformation England. But the plausibility of this ideology is less today than when Charles Kingsley wrote "Hypatia."

But to get back to what is really the core of "Mythology." Not only are the chief figures of the classical sacred stories told about with the clearness and enthusiasm we should expect from the author of "The Greek Way" and "The Roman Way," but we are also given outlines of the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," the "Aeneid," with accounts of the family of Atreus, the house of Thebes, the royal house of Athens. In the field of Greek and Latin this book is comprehensive indeed. The reading of it will show even those who thought themselves well-informed how many items of Greek mythology they were ignorant of. Marpessa, for example. I always thought that Marpessa existed only in Stephen Phillips's poem: the name seems literary and Marpessa's story as we received it was Victorian to the last degree. But Marpessa is really in Greek mythology. And how many of us know the story of Procne and Philomela clearly enough to perceive that Philomela could not possibly be the nightingale although the English poets have at all periods named the nightingale from her, seeing that Philomela was the sister who had her tongue cut? Obviously Procne is the nightingale and Philomela is the swallow. But what poet could name the nightingale from Procne when a name so full of music as Philomela was there? It must have been the Greeks who made the mistake.

Padraic Colum is author of "Orpheus: Myths of the World."

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Street . . .

TAP ROOTS. By James Street. New York: The Dial Press. 1942. 593 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PAUL ENGLE

IT'S a good yarn. Unlike so many historical novels, it doesn't try to make its impact by an appeal to great houses, gaudy clothes, and elaborate manners, nor by the complication of incidents contrived out of all form of reality. The prose, while not distinguished, is rapid and deft and appropriate to the quick turn and movement of event. Above all, the characters are not merely the stuffed and regular types of the customary historical romance, but perfectly possible men, given to error, and women, neither impractical nor delicate.

The historical matter of the book is itself of extraordinary interest and is one more example of the unbelievable variety in the past of this country. It concerns one county in Mississippi which, when that state seceded from the Union, in turn seceded from the state. The county was dominated by an anti-slavery family and became a center for all men in that area who did not want to fight the Union, or were openly and violently Abolitionist, or who simply wanted to get away from the entire struggle. The essential drama of the book lies not in the love story, whose general trend and ultimate resolution are predictable almost from the first, but in the resolute desperation of that one little valley taking arms against the entire Confederacy surrounding it. It is, indeed, gratifying to read a novel of the Civil War that is not all Grant and Lee, the tattered glory of the South, and the cruel emancipating fervor of the North. The fact that hardly a fifth of the Southern families held slaves, and many of them held but a few, is carefully given its proper acknowledgement. And the legend of the South "rising as one man" is properly replaced by a truer account of the factional differences, the strong anti-slavery convictions of many Southerners, and the wavering of whole states.

The invasion of the county by the Confederate soldiers, and the wild, often ignorant, defense of the little army of native farmers, Irish laborers, and Cajuns is the culmination of the book and easily its most exciting part. There are, thank God, no heroics, although there is plenty of heroism, and there are few grand speeches.

It is difficult now to believe in the validity of many conceptions which tradition argues were once powerful in the lives of men, and especially in the South. Throughout the story there is a great deal of concern with "honor," and a duel is imminent whenever the two men who love Morna Dabney meet. This kind of remark occurs constantly: "Clay is a man, too. He is an honorable man, but a man's honor can be strained. There are things stronger than honor." It is hardly acceptable, in addition, that a girl should give herself to two men over a period of at least a year and yet have no child. The very tension of the book depends in great measure on the fact that Keith Alexander, lover of Morna and defender of the county, is illegitimate, and hence not fit to marry the girl. And yet she exposes herself with charming frequency to the possibility of producing just such a child.

Perhaps the most accurate thing that can be said is that the history and the personal stories are cleverly mingled, and where the stories weaken the history is always there, fascinating and native.

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HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
The Book-of-the-Month Club News

The Just and The Unjust

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Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LITERARY SUICIDES

The characters in this week's quiz, which is the contribution of F. C. Tromel, of Auburn, New York, killed themselves in a variety of ways for various reasons. Allowing 5 points if you can name the person, and another 5 if you can recall the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 13.

1. He broke into a tomb and then took poison in order to die by his supposedly-dead wife.

2. He died when he stabbed a peculiar portrait of himself.

3. Unable to survive the realization that justice is not always on the side of the law, this French police inspector committed suicide.

4. She carefully timed her fall beneath the wheels of a rolling railroad carriage.

5. Worry for fear that he would act like a coward at a duel scheduled for the next morning caused him to shoot himself.

6. When her American sailor eventually returned to her country with his American wife, his Japanese wife committed hara-kiri.

7. The citizens of Tilbury Town were quite surprised when the fellow citizen whom they most envied, admired, and respected went home one night and put a bullet through his head.

8. Hoping the sound would warn her highwayman-lover of his imminent capture by the red coats, she shot off a musket that killed her.

9. He wrote his epitaph on a playing card before shooting himself to keep from freezing to death.

10. Succumbing to the charms of the prostitute whom he had succeeded in converting, this reformer drowned himself in remorse.

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THE WAR AGAINST GERMANY

(*Continued from page* 9)

the United States would today be the owner of the Philippines; there would be no rubber shortage at this moment; the super-battlewagons, Prince of Wales and Repulse, would still be afloat; and our casualties would be about 5,000 instead of 45,000.

Must we ignore this civilian expert, Ziff, as England did her great military man, Trenchard?

The best answer to that or to the question of competency is the book itself.

Not only as part of the general drive for a place in the sun and a dominant part in our military forces for aeronautics is Ziff writing this book: he feels that there can be another Battle of the Air just as important in its finality as was the Battle of Britain. It can be the turning point of the war, just as the other was the first. It can be launched now—not next year. It can damage the war effort of Germany proper so greatly as to relieve the pressure on Russia. It is vital to act now, not next autumn, but tomorrow night, if the weather is good over the Channel.

The book is not critical of everything; it hands credit where credit is due. The author does not believe in filtering off to all parts of the world our material resources in a multiplicity of expeditionary forces. He points out that the inherent value of air forces—other than speed—is the ability to concentrate forces where most needed for a supreme drive quickly. He does not discount the value of surface vessels or ground troops in their place. But he does point out that at the Armistice in November, 1918 not an Allied foot was on German soil.

Ziff recommends unified leadership in the United Nations; one would almost gain an impression that he would like to see our President made Generalissimo of all the United Nations Forces were it not for the fact that elsewhere he says De Gaulle might be a good selection for the important position similar to that held by Marshal Foch in World War I.

Hitler, for the present, will not bomb our East Coast—even a token bombing is most unlikely—because he knows the jolt would unite this country just as the British people were united in the last war after the Zeppelins.

But this book, if it is widely read, is destined to have just such an effect. No, "The Coming Battle of Germany" is not necessarily pleasant reading—but the Handwriting on the Wall seldom is!

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Land of the Setting Sun

YEAR OF THE WILD BOAR. By Helen Mears. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1942. 346 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NYM WALES

THIS is one of the most satisfactory types of book about Japan, dealing as it does with the details of everyday personal experience without too ambitiously attempting to analyze an entire nation in one fell swoop. Helen Mears is a New York journalist who went to Japan in 1935 to visit a friend. During the months of her stay she came into close contact with Japanese life, living in Japanese houses and inns, eating their food, and learning about the *shukan* or custom of the country.

It is not an ordinary travel book, however. Miss Mears was seriously interested in the question that absorbs all students of Japan: the strange integration of surviving feudalism and modernism, or Westernization. Her book seems a little overweighted on the quaint side, but as she states: "For if what Nobu called 'the real Japan'—the Japan of etiquette, *shukan,* cults, and symbolism—must seem to the American mere decoration, if not eccentric and implausible esotericism—nevertheless, the American's 'real Japan'—the Japan of politics, industry and imperialism—is supported by it. And it is only in terms of the first that the second is comprehensible."

This reviewer is inclined to think that "Year of the Wild Boar" underestimates the depth and extent of modern thinking in Japan, as do so many other recent books. It fails to answer the important question: Why, if the so-called Japanese way is so deeply rooted in the life of the people, must the government make so great an effort to revive it, and employ such an expensive and widespread espionage system? Americans should not make the error of underestimating the instability of the old Japanese social system and the threat of internal revolt, as we did their military striking power. The latter is not based upon tea and flower ceremonies.

Miss Mears is at her best dealing with women and their problems, and this has special significance in Japan. Had her book concentrated on this subject, it would have been a first-rate and highly important contribution to our available material on Japan. As she comments, women are the real submerged element in Japan, and now they have tremendous power in their hands due to the vital role they play in industrial and agricultural production. As Baroness Ishimoto points out in her book, they will be in the vanguard of revolt when it comes.

"Year of the Wild Boar" is worthwhile and delightful reading, humorous and full of incident. It recaptures the sound and smell of Japan so well that you almost hear the clatter of *geta* in the narrow streets so crowded with well-washed humanity.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE IMPOSTOR *Kurt Steel* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	Airplane expert Morgan finds doppelganger dead in Manhattan hotel, scents skulduggery, and the fun begins.	Speedy spy-and-intrigue yarn of man who imitated his imitators imitating him with exciting results.	Good—in its class
THE STREET OF THE CRYING WOMAN *Geoffrey Homes* (Morrow: $2.)	American professor in Mexico City on search for missing brother encounters murder, violence, and a sleuth who knits.	Attractive and veracious atmosphere, a well-muddled plot—with buried treasure angle—and some pleasant characterizations.	Medium
THE COMPLETE DASHIELL HAMMETT *Ibid* (A. A. Kopf: $2.50)	The wholesale slaughter of "Red Harvest," the cold brutality of "Maltese Falcon," the superfinish of "Thin Man"—all here un-cut.	Needed in every respectable mystery library, and interesting re-reading to see how an exceptionally good writer has progressed.	Staple goods
THREE FAMOUS SPY NOVELS *Oppenheim; Ambler; Greene* (Random House: $1.98)	"The Great Impersonation," "Voyage Into Fear" and "Confidential Agent" in popularly priced omnibus.	English mystery-and-thrill master of yesterday and two contemporary aces provide intriggin' entertainment.	Good value

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The Phoenix Nest

Sonnets of the Cross

A REPRINT of the early cameo London edition of the "Sonnets of The Cross" by the late Thomas S. Jones, Jr. (1882-1932) has come to us from his friend, literary executor, and editor, John L. Foley. Jones wrote many sonnet sequences, fashioning his poems as carefully as any monk of oldtime ever illuminated a missal. In his best sonnets he achieved a purity of utterance and a beauty of color rare in our time. As a religious poet, he was one who believed that the celebration of the saints was worthy of the most difficult and perfected craftsmanship. One sonnet in this collection is as peaceful and reviving to read in these dark days as any we know. Its simplicity is magical. It is called "The Forest." Another sprang from Jones's study of the Jesuit explorers and their time. It is called "Tekakwitha," after the Lily of the Mohawks who was said to be "a flower of Christian life among the savages."

In the rock shadow spawn the silver trout
And crows flap cawing over muddy flats
Green with the rushes for the woven mats,
And tassels of the willow blow about.
Besides a mildewed patch where maize will sprout,
Their arms vermilioned from the earthen vats,
Crouch the old women, brown as wrinkled bats,
Watching the river while the ice goes out.

Three tawny hunters file along the shore,
Where cloistered like a red swamp lily dreams
Dark Tekakwitha, daughter of the moon.
They dare not pass beyond her cabin door,
For at her side a haloed spirit gleams
Blinding as snowlight on an April noon.

The workmanship, it seems to us, shows mastery, and the final line is as memorable as anything we have read for years. The little book is brought out by Scholastic Publications, 220 East 42nd Street.

Eliot and Kipling

When Edmonia Hill, some years ago, wrote of "The Young Kipling" in her diary, she said in one place:

> I was present at the inception of Ruddy's "Barrack Room Ballads." We were on the British India steamer *Africa* sailing toward Singapore, standing by the rail, when he suddenly began to hum, "Rum-ti-tum-tra-la"—shaking the ashes from his pipe overboard. I was used to this, knowing something was stirring in his brain. Humming in a musical tone, he exclaimed, "I have it. I'll write some Tommy Atkins Ballads," and this idea kept simmering for months, with an occasional outbreak in soldierlike language. While we were at Moulmein lunching by a graceful pagoda hung with tinkling brass ornaments at the slender top and with a very broad base, he put forth the opinion that the Burmans had simply copied nature in their building, pointing to a near-by toddy palm tree, and certainly the shape was identical, while the tinkling resembled the rustling of the leaves.

It seems to me one gets nearer to Kipling the poet in that short extract than in all the careful words of T. S. Eliot "In Praise of Kipling's Verse" in the July *Harper's*. From that same "Rum - ti - tum - tra - la"- ing came the "Danny Deever" Mr. Eliot so highly praises, and also: "By the old Moulmein Pagoda," "the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple bells they say—", and "the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells." The great idea these days has been either to dispise or to patronize Kipling. Mr. Edmund Wilson psychoanalyzed him, leaving us at the end a Kipling with most of the Kipling taken out—like removing a person's liver, lights, and viscera, setting them on one side, and then re-examining the body. Kipling was an artist, not an intellectual, and the intellectuals are staggered, every once in a while, by something they remember from him. Hence, they have written a great deal trying to explain why he wasn't really much good. Mr. Eliot *admits* he was really good. His verse was good. He had poetry in his verse sometimes, and it is hard to tell where the verse ended and the poetry began, but it was verse just the same, it was even great verse.

In the course of saying this kind of thing, Eliot carefully explains to us a good many things anyone familiar with Kipling had found out for himself long ago. Kipling, beyond the grave, possesses one remarkable faculty—that of making his critics seem self-righteous. He himself was sometimes wrong, sometimes stupid; but he was about as human as any great writer we have ever had. One trouble with our poetry today is that no young intellectual poet would ever dream of preparing to write a poem by humming "Rum-ti-tum-tra-la!" They are particularly careful to remove from verse all musical effect. They concentrate on saying nothing clearly. Whereas "The Song of the Lathes," that Kipling wrote in 1918, would be perfect for our big production-drive today; and is, incidentally, as ingenious an innovation in metre as any Gerald Manley Hopkins ever thought of. It all came out of "Rum-ti-tum-tra-la!" The poem "A Death-Bed," that he wrote about the Kaiser, is Germany all over again:

Some die saintly in faith and hope—
One died thus in a prison-yard—
Some die broken by rape or the rope;
Some die easily. This dies hard.

And was ever the disillusionment that comes killingly at times to every writer, "the Horror of Great Darkness," more movingly portrayed, with its human cure, than in "Rahere." There was another poem he wrote in his age, that comes home to us today in the "multiple confusion on all we did or planned." It's date is 1935, and it is called "Hymn of Breaking Strain"—and the strain, then, was indeed breaking the nations. We give you the last verse and its hope, in spite of all:

Oh, veiled and secret Power
Whose paths we seek in vain,
Be with us in our hour
Of overthrow and pain;
That we—by which sure token
We know Thy ways are true—
In spite of being broken,
Because of being broken,
May rise and build anew.
Stand up and build anew!

Eliot mentions the "Epitaphs of the War," and they are fine. Incidentally Isabel Paterson was wrong about "The Way Through the Woods." It *is* called that; though she was right thus far—that only in the title, out of "Marklake Witches," is it called that. Throughout the poem the vanished track is referred to as "the road through the woods." There was an amazing awareness and cleverness also to Kipling. He did not miss at all what more "modern" poets were doing in the days of Imagism. In "The Muse Among the Motors" he has this "from the early Chinese":

Frost upon small rain—the ebony-lacquered avenue
Reflecting lamps as a pool shows goldfish.
The sight suddenly emptied out of the young man's eyes.
Entering upon it sideways.

What a marvelous imagist he would have made! And, to make an end, how perfectly he caught the true Shakespeare in "The Craftsman":

So, with a thin third finger marrying
Drop to wine-drop domed on the table. . . .

Read that poem for the everlasting low-down on all writers!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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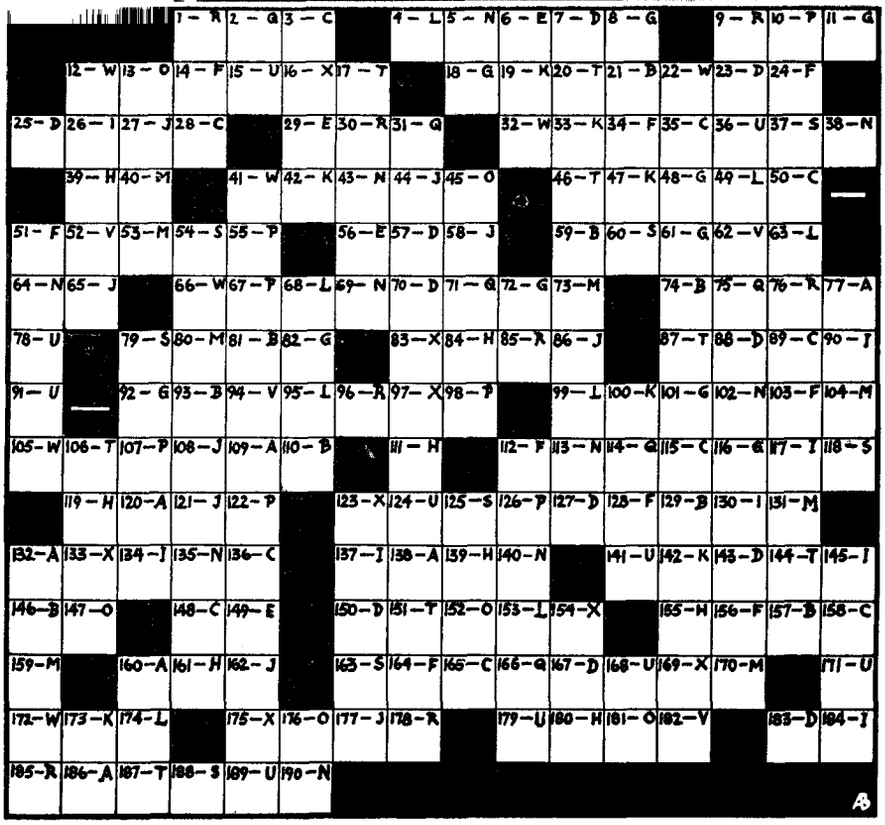
The Crostics Club

HUGH BYAS, you recall, wrote that we have "an international congregation to consider" ... Ambassador Grew, our whilom DC missionary in Japan, I am reserving until his return . . . Kathleen Norris on a world-cruise sent me once from China an original DC, the culmination of an active interest in a Series given her at sailing . . . Mrs. Robert R. Service from Claremont, California, ironically writes: "In China I had reference books, but now I'm a refugee with nothing but Webster's Collegiate and Roget." After a severe heart attack she tested in convalescence the normalcy of her brain power by a return to DC's, established by her ability to remember Nahum's birthplace! In recommending DC's particularly to heart patients, she cheerfully concludes: "I find it much better to have a racketty heart than a softening brain." . . . From Mrs. R. H. Todd, early settler from England and octogenarian of Sydney, Australia, came a little book of Memoirs, sent, she wrote on the flyleaf, in recognition of the happy passage of many otherwise lonely hours. In reply to my query, she wrote that an English nephew holding a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship in New York had sent a Series to his mother in England, who in turn had placed a standing order with the bookseller to provide Mrs. Todd with them. As I recall the facts, the nephew's father was a Professor in Cambridge University and a relative of Thackeray. A letter from me not long ago was returned. I wonder!—I shall speak of other Internationals another time.

It occurs to me often to define proper names by means of quotations, but space limitations prevent. Would you, for instance, recognize one "Whose sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece"; or one of whom Wordsworth wrote for a monument in Trinity College, Cambridge; "The marble index of a mind forever voyaging through strange seas of thought alone"?

A recent writer objects to my repetition of words in different DC's. Repetitions, as I make the puzzles, are either purposeful or unavoidable unless one is to spend excessive time in their construction. As I juggle through the making of a difficult DC I can't possibly foresee many steps ahead. I use words to fit the immediate need and jog hopefully on. A few stray letters as a rule remain. As I find places for them to take care of those initial E's still left, with *Enid, Eton, Esther,* I can sleep better with this "Finis" at midnight and with the consolation that at least a few familiar words will start someone on her way equally pleased. If I used obsolete words, definitions, and the other ways out of the crossword makers, the sledding, of course, would be easier.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 436

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Son of Jupiter and Io, ancestor of Cadmus.

B. Group of French Oceania Islands north of Tuamotu.

C. Hederated (comp.)

D. Delirious; frivolous.

E. Russia leather.

F. A noisy, rapid, shuffling dance (in competitive groups or pairs).

G. The strip of land over which a public road is built (comp.)

H. Pertaining to dreams.

I. A novel by Thackeray (with *The*).

J. The favorite food of the *tinca tinca* (a fish).

K. Pertaining to one of a body of five Spartan magistrates.

L. Betraying something of a private nature.

M. Any wool not adapted to the mills requirements (comp.)

N. The mind's capacity to be aware of its own processes and of the passage of time (2 wds.)

O. A potato (jocose).

P. A source epithet of the Plantagenet Kings.

Q. A small, slimy, elongate marine blenny (Northern Atlantic).

R. One of the four great Panhellenic festival games.

S. Regeneration (Theol.; 2 wds.)

T. How often the earth revolves about the sun.

U. The fundamentals of education (3 wds.)

V. That one; he (Latin).

W. To sacrifice (2 wds.)

X. Recently flowering (comp.)

WORDS

77 132 160 186 120 138 109

21 93 157 74 81 146 59 129 110

165 89 50 115 136 148 35 28 158 3

23 70 127 150 7 167 88 144 25 57 183

56 6 149 29

51 164 24 156 103 14 34 112 128

82 61 72 8 18 116 92 48 101 11

39 161 111 139 180 119 84 155

130 90 134 145 26 117 184 137

58 121 65 44 86 27 177 108 162

47 173 100 142 19 42 33

4 68 49 63 99 153 95 174

80 40 104 159 53 170 131 73

64 43 69 140 5 38 135 102 190 113

152 13 147 181 176 45

10 55 98 122 67 126 107

166 75 2 71 31 114

96 185 85 30 9 76 1 178

125 118 54 163 188 37 60 79

187 46 87 151 20 143 106 17

78 171 15 168 179 189 124 36 91 141

94 52 62 182

172 32 41 66 12 105 22

154 169 83 123 16 133 175 97

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TRADE WINDS

ANYBODY who is familiar with the tactics described in Captain Fairbairn's "Get Tough" and Yank Levy's "Guerilla Warfare," and is, in addition, not too squeamish about stepping on the prostrate forms of old women and babes can almost always commandeer a taxicab at the Union Station in Washington these midsummer mornings. At about seven, the multiple sections of the night trains from New York disgorge their passengers, who are swept up in the stream of early morning commuters, and descend on the hack stand like a swarm of angry buzzards. The sun has not yet settled down to serious business, and the temperature is still only about a hundred and ten, but tempers are quick in our wartime capital these days, and enchanted station attendants have learned to expect anything. My own porter remembered two determined gentlemen who plunged into a cab from opposite doors and met head on in a crash that shook the capitol dome. "I sure hope dey was Senators!" he said soulfully. By the time he finally deposited me in a cab with three other wilted travelers, we were old, old friends.

Our taxi driver's first official act was to stop for a traffic light directly under a tree that was being sprayed by an anti-Japanese beetle brigade. The overflow was all ours. The stout party wedged in beside me spluttered indignantly until I reminded him that at least he wouldn't get any Japanese beetles this summer. All of us were going in different directions and our driver computed the fare by advanced calculus. When the new zoning laws go into effect on August first every cab will have to carry an International Business Machine.

My date was with Colonel Greene, of the *Infantry Journal,* and a more competent and courteous executive I have never met. The *Infantry Journal* is housed in a model air-cooled building, but the Colonel doesn't hold with such effete ventilation, and as the room gradually began to spin about me, I suddenly saw four Colonel Greenes, and then six. Then the mist cleared, and I discovered that one of the six was Captain Evaristo Murray, formerly of Brentano's, and another was Ian Ballantine, of Penguin Books, and that all of us weren't talking about books at all, but playing cards. The Army is planning cards, it seems, with airplanes on the faces instead of spots. Spades will be a sequence of American models, hearts English, diamonds German, and clubs Japanese, and somebody is about to order two million packs.

Colonel Greene has been in the Army for twenty-three years, and has been editor of the *Infantry Journal* since 1940. The *Journal* sells for thirty-five cents a copy, or three dollars a year, and is richly worth it. I read the July issue from cover to cover while Risto was exploring the playing card situation. The front cover, incidentally, just won a special prize from the committee that persuaded the nation's magazines to feature the flag on their July numbers. Colonel Greene is proud of that, and prouder still that the *Journal's* circulation has jumped from nine thousand to thirty in the past two years. It is owned by the non-profit-making U. S. Infantry Association, and, although it accepts no advertising, raises considerable revenue by selling books of a military character to its subscribers. The *Journal* also has sales rights on a number of publications of the rapidly expanding Military Service Publishing Company of Harrisburg. These sales are now being directed by the *Infantry Journal* and Penguin. One volume alone, "The Officer's Guide," is selling a thousand copies a week.

In the afternoon, I visited Major Troutman, who is buying books for the United States Army. In months past, the bulk of this business went to a big jobbing concern, but Major Troutman, who is a canny trader, is learning that he can save the Government money by placing at least a portion of the business direct with the publishers. The major is about to meet the book trade's most highpowered salesmen, although I suspect that when they hear the quantities to which he casually refers, their blood pressure will never be the same.

The Navy Department is also beginning to purchase books on a large scale, and a move is at last under way to include a modest assortment of books in the stocks of the thousands of army post exchanges throughout the country. Somebody has discovered that soldiers will buy books as well as comic strip magazines, fountain pens, soft drinks, and popcorn.

This new business will add thousands of dollars to the revenue of every publisher this Fall. It will also add new responsibilities to the editors in their choice of titles and rejection of conscious or unconscious sniping at our own war efforts and those of our allies. I am confident that they will be equal to the challenge.

The close of a sweltering day found me, to my own mystification, at an abysmally dull reception at one of the large foreign embassies. With the world tottering about us, this incredible diplomatic set still rattles ponderously about in its own vacuum, mumbling empty nothings to each other in French and English, leaving cards on the tables in the entrance hall, kissing pudgy and unattractive hands, and eating horrible sandwiches. To my delight I suddenly spied Mr. and Mrs. Litvinoff, looking none too comfortable in a corner, and the occasion was saved as far as I was concerned. Mr. Litvinoff looks more like Adolph Kroch than Adolph Kroch, and is a remarkable gentleman indeed.

Before I left Washington the next day, I found time to visit Roberta Martin at Woodward and Lothrop, and Joe Margolies at Brentano's. Both of them are sharing, of course, in the boom business that has swamped the capital. The Brentano chain now has five branches in greater Washington. The new ones at Chevy Chase and Silver Springs are Margolies's personal pets, and he watches their sales graphs like a mother hovering over her first born's temperature chart. The main store on F Street looked like the Marshall Field book department on the Saturday before Christmas.

Joe told me contentedly that he hasn't been able to fight his way into a Washington movie house for three months. Crowds queue up in front of cafeterias. Overloaded street cars crawl tortuously in the rush hours. A friend of mine sent his suit to the dry cleaner's and got it back seven weeks later. As I drove to the station, I reflected that this was for all the world like Moscow when I was there in 1934. Then I bought a copy of "Washington Is Like That," in which Mr. Kiplinger tells you all these things much more eloquently than I can, and settled back happily in my Pullman.

The country air at the Stork Club and the croaking of the frogs at 44th and Broadway seemed doubly sweet that night after my two days in the Big City.

BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 435)

OGDEN NASH:
THE TERRIBLE PEOPLE

Perhaps indeed the possession of wealth is constantly distressing.
. . . . . .
The only incurable troubles of the rich are the troubles that money can't cure,
Which is a kind of trouble that is even more troublesome if you are poor.

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